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faces its insulting proposition that Mr. Johnson should resign, or, be forced to do so, by the popular voice. The English people may gather a little of what we felt—though we admit that words so scurrilous, from a source so vile, should not have been felt at all—if they suppose that on the death of Albert, the government organ here, in view of the thousand-fold gossip that runs back and forth over Europe and America as to the condition of Queen Victoria's mind, had insolently proposed that she should resign in favor of another. Such words would have been counted blasphemy by the English mind; but, anything was good enough for the people of another nation, especially if they thought that nation in no condition to resent their insulting words, their unjust actions.

Perhaps we betray an unbecoming heat. But the wound which wicked English words have made in American

minds rankles deep. We are great enough to forgive, but it would be more than human if we could forget what we have had to endure. Still, we gladly remember the good words that have been spoken; and they were so good, and spoken by such noble men that, doubtless, in time, they will have leavened the whole lump of national discord with the leaven of good feeling. But do not let "The Builder," or any English journal, after what has happened, offer to lecture us, or any American, for a few innocent, and, as we have tried to prove, justifiable complaints relative to a not very important matter, as if it were we who were guilty of stirring up ill-feeling. English journals live in a large house of particularly brittle glass, and they are very much mistaken if they think they can throw stones at other people with impunity.

MR. LEUTZE'S PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

For once, from all that we can gather, the "NEW PATH" has the satisfaction of agreeing with the world of amateurs and critics, in condemning Mr. Leutze's last and, therefore, worst performance. A more infelicitous choice was, perhaps, never made than when he was selected to fix on canvas the portrait of a man of such purely American characteristics as Mr. Lincoln. He has so utterly failed to understand his subject, that every honorable trait is supplanted by an ignoble one; and the rugged outside—a ruggedness which has been greatly overdrawn—has been deliberately put out

of sight; and, instead of it, we have a softly, mealy-mouthed, sawney orator of the graceful school, with a face like that described by the amiable Heine—"looking like a donkey with his head in a pitcher of molasses." The execution of the picture is very discreditable. The perspective is ludicrously incorrect. The portico of the Capitol is, apparently, a quarter of a mile away, and the figures of persons sitting directly behind Mr. Lincoln are no larger than his forearm. But, Mr. Leutze, we know, is a great historical painter.